

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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No. 154.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1820.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Travels in Nubia; by the late John Lewis Burckhardt. Published by the Association for promoting the Discovery of the Interior of Africa. London. 1819. 4to. pp. 543.*

Burckhardt has excited an interest in the British public only inferior to poor Mungo Park; and has been so very often the subject of articles in the *Literary Gazette*, that our readers must be familiar with the leading features of his life and pursuits. This would induce us to dwell very briefly on these points at present, even were we not influenced by another consideration of more irresistible temporary importance. It is, and we have reason to anticipate will continue to be, a marked characteristic of our Review (from the superior access to the novelties in literature with which we are favoured,) to be at least the earliest reporter of the cases of new publications. In executing this task, we trust it will be readily allowed to us; that any defects in our first notice of a work, should be pardoned in consideration of the speed with which we bring it before the general tribunal, and show, if not immediately preceding, contemporaneously with its appearance, of what kind and nature it is. As this highly valuable volume, therefore, is only published to-day, we hope that extracts rather than an epitome will be accepted from us as efficient service.

The life and travels of Burckhardt occupy 92 pages; next follows a journey along the banks of the Nile, from Assouan to Mahass, on the frontiers of Dongola; then a description of a journey from upper Egypt through the deserts of Nubia to Berber and Souakin, and from thence to Djidda in Arabia; and the whole concludes with an appendix, containing an Itinerary from the frontiers of Bornou, by Bahr el Ghazal, and Darfour, to Shendy—some notices of Soudan—vocabularies of the Bergho and Bornou languages—and a translation of the notices on Nubia in Makrizi's History of Egypt: the whole illustrated with maps and other elucidations.

We shall make our selections from the travelling narratives, without much attention to order. Leaving Seras, in his Nubian journey from Assouan,

which took 35 days to perform on dromedaries, to Mahass and back again, the author says—

In two hours and a half we came to a plain on the top of the mountain, called Akabet el benat, the rocks of the girls. Here the Arabs who serve as guides through these mountains have devised a singular mode of extorting small presents from the traveller: they alight at certain spots in the Akabet el benat, and beg a present; if it is refused, they collect a heap of sand, and mould it into the form of a diminutive tomb, and then placing a stone at each of its extremities, they apprise the traveller that his tomb is made; meaning, that henceforward, there will be no security for him, in this rocky wilderness. Most persons pay a trifling contribution, rather than have their graves made before their eyes: there were, however, several tombs of this description dispersed over the plain. Being satisfied with my guide, I gave him one piastre, with which he was content.

March 13th. The eastern mountains again approach the river, and consist here, as at the second Cataract, of grunstein. We followed the narrow shore in an easterly direction, and passed several of the villages of Mahass. The houses are constructed only of mats, made of palm-leaves, fastened to high poles, the extremities of which rise considerably above the roof. The countenances of the people are much less expressive of good nature than those of the Nubians; in colour they are perfectly black; their lips are like those of the Negro, but not the nose or cheek bones; numbers of the men go quite naked, and I even saw several grown up girls without any thing whatever round the middle. The Nubian language here has certainly superseded the Arabic, which none of the peasants understand.

In approaching the place where the Nubian governors were encamped, I found several of the villages deserted; their former inhabitants had preferred abandoning their cotton-fields, and their prospects of a harvest, to submitting to the oppressive conduct of the followers of the governors, whose horses and camels were now feeding amidst the barley, while the mats of the deserted houses had been carried off to the camp, to serve as fuel. After a ride of four hours, we reached the camp of Mohammed Kashef, opposite the Wady Tinareh, a cluster of hamlets, situated round the brick castle of that name, and the chief place in Mahass; here was the termination of my journey southwards. I had told my guide to be cautious in his answers to Mohammed Kashef, and if he should be questioned respecting me, to say that he had been ordered by Hassen Ka-

shef to accompany me, but knew nothing of my business; which was really true; for I had never allowed him to see me taking notes during our journey.

The two brothers, the Kashefs Hosseyn and Mohammed, had come to Mahass, in order to besiege the castle of Tinareh, which had been seized by a rebel cousin of the king of Mahass. The latter being Hosseyn Kashef's father-in-law, the Kashef was bound to come to his aid, and had accordingly brought with him about sixty men, with whom I found him encamped, or rather huddled, on the western side of the river, close under the walls of the castle, while his brother Mohammed had possession of the eastern bank, with an equal number of men. They had been here for several weeks, and had often summoned the castle, to no purpose, although the garrison consisted only of fifteen men. They at length conceived the idea of cutting off the water from the besieged, by placing close in shore, just below the castle, a vessel, which they had sent for from Argo, and on board of which they put some men armed with muskets, who were protected from the fire of the garrison by a thick awning formed of the trunks of date trees thrown across the deck; these men, by their fire, having effectually prevented the besieged from obtaining water from the river, the garrison was under the necessity of making proposals for peace; pardon, and safe conduct were promised them, and the castle was surrendered on the evening preceding my arrival.

When I reached the camp of Mohammed Kashef, he was not present, but occupied with his brother, in taking possession of the castle. His people crowded round me and my guide, desirous to know what business had brought me among them, and supposing that I belonged to the suite of the two Mamelouk Begg, of whose arrival at Derr they had already been apprized. Shortly afterwards Mohammed came over from the opposite bank with his suite, and I immediately went to salute him. Born of a Darfour slave, his features resembled those of the inhabitants of Soudan, but without any thing of that mildness, which generally characterises the Negro countenance. On the contrary, his physiognomy indicated the worst disposition; he rolled his eyes at me like a madman; and, having drunk copiously of palm-wine at the castle, he was so intoxicated that he could hardly keep on his legs. All his people now assembled in and around his open hut; the vanquished rebels likewise came, and two large goat skins of palm wine were brought in, which was served out to the company in small cups neatly made of calabashes; a few only spoke Arabic; the Kashef himself could scarcely make himself understood; but I clearly found that I was

the topic of conversation. The Kashef, almost in a state of insensibility, had not yet asked me who I was, or what I came for. In the course of half an hour, the whole camp was drunk; musquets were then brought in, and a feu-de-joie fired with ball, in the hut where we were sitting. I must confess, that at this moment I repented of having come to the camp, as a gun might have been easily levelled at me, or a random ball have fallen to my lot. I endeavoured several times to rise, but was always prevented by the Kashef, who insisted upon my getting drunk with him; but as I never stood more in need of my senses, I drank very sparingly. Towards noon, the whole camp was in a profound sleep; and in a few hours after, the Kashef was sufficiently sober to be able to talk rationally to me. I told him that I had come into Nubia to visit the ancient castles of Ibrim and Say, as being the remains of the empire of Sultan Selym; that I had had recommendations from Esne to himself and his two brothers, and that I had come to Mahass merely to salute him and his brother, conceiving that I should be guilty of a breach in good manners, if I quitted Say without paying my respects to them. Unfortunately, my letters from Esne, addressed to the three brothers, were in the hands of Hassan Kashef, who would not return them to me when I quitted Derr, saying that I should not want them, as he had not given me the permission to go beyond Sukkot. My story was, in consequence, not believed: "You are an agent of Mohammed," said the Kashef's Arabic secretary; "but, at Mahass we spit at Mohammed Aly's beard, and cut off the heads of those who are enemies to the Mamelouks." I assured him that I was not an enemy of the Mamelouks, and that I had waited upon the two Begs at Derr, who had received me very civilly." The evening passed in sharp enquiries on one side, and evasive answers on the other; and the Kashef sat up late with his confidants, to deliberate what was to be done with me, while I took post with my camels, under cover, behind his hut. No one had the slightest idea that I was an European, nor did I, of course, boast of my origin, which I was resolved to disclose only under the apprehension of imminent danger.

He is compelled by these rude governors of Nubia to change his route.

The inhabitants of Mahass pretend to be descendants of the Arabs Koreysh, the tribe to which the prophet Mohammed belonged, and who, as is well known, were partly Bedouins, and partly husbandmen. It is the tradition of Mahass, that a large party of Koreysh took possession of the Wady at the same period when numerous Bedouins from the east invaded Egypt and Nubia. The chief, or king of Mahass, is of the family of Djama. He collects the revenue of his kingdom, and pays tribute to the governors of Nubia, who receive, annually, from each of the six principal places in his dominions, five or six camels, as many cows, two slaves, and about forty sheep, besides making extraordinary requisitions. I had the honour

of seeing the king of Mahass, a mean looking black, attended by half a dozen naked slaves, armed with shields and lances. From hence, along the Nile to Sennaar, about thirty-five days journey, there are upwards of twenty kings and kingdoms, every independent chief being styled Melek. The power of each of these petty sovereigns is very arbitrary, as far as relates to exactions upon the property of his own subjects, but he dares not put any of them to death, without entailing upon his own family the retaliation of blood by that of the deceased. All the respectable inhabitants of Mahass are merchants; they buy slaves in Dôngola; Berber, and in the country of the Sheygya, and dispatch a caravan to Cairo twice a year; Mahass is the nearest place in the Black country, from whence slave traders arrive at Cairo; the distance is about a thousand miles. A male slave in Mahass is worth from twenty-five to thirty Spanish dollars, a female from thirty to forty. At Cairo they sell at a profit of one hundred and fifty per cent.; and the merchandize taken in return produces from two to three hundred per cent., or even more under the present circumstances, as the Mamelouks are eager purchasers.

Bornou is said to be 25 or 30 days distant from Mahass, with but little water on the road—

Dôngola is noted for its breed of horses, great numbers of which are imported by the people of Mahass; they are chiefly stallions, the natives seldom riding mares. The breed is originally from Arabia, and is one of the finest I have seen, possessing all the superior beauty of the horses of that country, with greater size and more bone. All those which I have seen had the four legs white, as high as the knee, and I was told that there are very few of them without this distinctive mark. Prime stallions bear a high price, from five to ten slaves being paid for one. These horses do not thrive in northern climates, not even at Cairo, though Mohammed Aly has lately sent one as present to the Grand Signior, for which he gave 750 Spanish dollars. The greater part of them are fed for ten months in the year merely on straw, and in the spring, upon the green crops of barley. The Mamelouks, since their irruption into Dôngola, are all mounted upon these horses.

There are no elephants in Dôngola; but the hippopotamus is very common in the river. Its Arabic name is Barnik, or Farass-el-Bahr; the Nubians call it Ird. It is a dreadful plague on account of its voracity, and the want of means in the inhabitants to destroy it. It often descends the Nile as far as Sukkot: the peasants, as I passed, told me that there were three of them in the river between Mahass and Sukkot. Last year several of them passed the Batn el Hadjar, and made their appearance at Wady Halfa and Derr, an occurrence unknown to the oldest inhabitant. One was killed by an Arab, by a shot over its right eye; the peasants ate the flesh, and the skin\* and teeth

\* The whips known in the East under the

were sold to a merchant of Siout. Another continued its course northward, and was seen beyond the cataract at Assouan, at Derran, one day's march north of that place.

The remainder of our quotations here are from the general remarks on Nubia, with which Mr. Burckhardt concludes his first narrative.

Nubia is divided into two parts, called Wady Kenous, and Wady el Noubia (often named exclusively Sayd); the former extending from Assouan to Wady Seboua, and the latter comprising the country between Seboua and the northern frontier of Dôngola. The inhabitants of these two divisions are divided by their language, but in manners they appear to be the same.

According to their own traditions, the present Nubians derive their origin from the Arabian Bedouins, who invaded the country after the promulgation of the Mohammedan creed,\* the greater part of the Christian inhabitants, whose churches I traced as far as Sukkot, having either fled before them or been killed; a few, as already mentioned, embraced the religion of the invaders, and their descendants may yet be distinguished at Tafa, and at Serra, north of Wady Halfa.

At present, the political state of the country may be said to be, nominally at least, the same as when Hossan Coosy (a leader of some Bosnians, sent by the Grand Signior to Nubia, and, in short, what the Normans were to England) took possession of it. The present governors, Hosseyn, Hassan, and Mohammed, are his descendants; their father was named Soleyman, and had acquired some reputation from his vigorous system of government. The title of Kashef, assumed by the three brothers, is given in Egypt to governors of districts. The brothers pay an annual tribute of about 120*l.* into the treasury of the Pasha of Egypt, in lieu of the Miry of Nubia, for which the Pasha is accountable to the Porte. In the time of the Mamelouks, this tribute was seldom paid, but Mohammed Aly has received it regularly for the last three years. The three Kashefs have about one hundred and twenty horsemen in their service, consisting chiefly of their own relations, or of slaves; these troops receive no regular pay; presents are made to them occasionally, and they are considered to be upon duty only when their masters are upon a journey. Derr is the chief residence of the governors;† but they are almost continually

name of Korbadj, are made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and form an article of commerce with the Sennaar and Darfour caravans.

\* The greater part of the Egyptian peasants north of Benisouef have the same origin: they are the descendants either of Moggrebyn or Arabian tribes. In Egypt I have even met with the descendants of Syrian Bedouins.

† When the Turkish troops, under Ibrahim Beg, after driving the Mamelouks into the eastern mountains, occupied Nubia as far as Wady Halfa, the three princes retired with their followers into Dôngola, and remained there till the Turks withdrew towards Assouan, when they returned to Derr.

moving about, for the purpose of exacting the taxes from their subjects, who pay them only on the approach of superior force. During these excursions, the Kashefs commit acts of great injustice, wherever they find that there is none to resist them, which is frequently the case. The amount of the revenue is shared equally amongst the three brothers; but they are all very avaricious, extremely jealous of each other, and each robs clandestinely as much as he can. I estimate their annual income at about 3,000*l.* each, or from 8 to 10,000*l.* in the whole. None of them spends more than 300*l.* a year. Their principal wealth consists in dollars and slaves. In their manners they affect the haughty mien and deportment of Turkish grandees; but their dress, which is worse than what a Turkish soldier would like to wear, ill accords with this assumed air of dignity.

The following is a curious method which the governors of Nubia have devised, of extorting money from their subjects. When any wealthy individual has a daughter of a suitable age, they demand her in marriage; the father seldom dares to refuse, and sometimes feels flattered by the honour; but he is soon ruined by his powerful son-in-law, who extorts from him every article of his property under the name of presents to his own daughter. All the governors are thus mar-

ried to females in almost every considerable village: Housseyn Kashef has above forty sons, of whom twenty are married in the same manner.

The Nubians purchase their wives from the parents: the price usually paid by the Kenous is twelve Mahboubis, or thirty-six piastres. They frequently intermarry with the Arabs Ababde, some of whom cultivate the soil like themselves; an Ababde girl is worth six camels; these are paid to her father, who gives back three to his daughter, to be the common property of her and her husband; if a divorce takes place, half the value of the three camels goes to the latter. In Upper Egypt, when a wife insists upon being divorced, her husband has the right to take all her wearing apparel from her, and to shave her head: nobody will then marry her till her hair be grown again. The Nubian is extremely jealous of his wife's honour: and on the slightest suspicion of infidelity towards him, would carry her in the night to the side of the river, lay open her breast by a cut with his knife, and throw her into the water, "to be food for the crocodiles," as they term it. A case of this kind lately happened at Assouan.

I found the Nubians, generally, to be of a kind disposition, and without that propensity to theft, so characteristic of the Egyptians, at least of those to the north of Siout. Pilfering indeed is almost unknown amongst them, and any person convicted of such a crime would be expelled from his village by the unanimous voice of its inhabitants; I did not lose the most trifling article during my journey through the country, although I always slept in the open air in front of the house where I took up my quarters for the night. They are in general hospitable towards strangers, but the Kenous and the people of Sukkot are less so than the other inhabitants. Curiosity seems to be the most prominent feature in their character, and they generally ask their guest a thousand questions about the place he comes from, and the business which brings him into Nubia.

If the government were not so extremely despotic, the Nubians might become dangerous neighbours to Egypt; for they are of a much bolder and more independent spirit than the Egyptians, and ardently attached to their native soil.

The Arabs on the mountains between Nubia and the Red Sea, are an extraordinary race.

The Bisharye, who rarely descend from their mountains, are a very savage people, and their character is worse even than that of the Ababde. Their only cattle are camels and sheep, and they live entirely upon flesh and milk, eating much of the former raw; according to the relation of several Nubians, they are very fond of the hot blood of slaughtered sheep; but their greatest luxury is said to be the raw marrow of camels. A few of these Arabs occasionally visit Derr or Assouan, with Senna, sheep and ostrich fethers, the ostrich being common in their

mountains; and their Senna is of the best kind. In exchange for these commodities they take linen shirts and Dhourra, the grains of which they swallow raw, as a dainty, and never make it into bread.

Crocodiles seem hardly less dreaded in some parts than the Hippopotamus in others.

Crocodiles are very numerous about Shendy. I have generally remarked that these animals inhabit particular parts of the Nile, from whence they seldom appear to move; thus, in Lower Egypt, they have entirely disappeared, although no reasonable cause can be assigned for their not descending the river. In Upper Egypt, the neighbourhood of Akhmin, Dendera, Orment, and Edfou, are at present the favourite haunts of the Crocodile, while few are ever seen in the intermediate parts of the river. The same is the case in different parts of Nubia towards Dongola. At Berber nobody is afraid of encountering crocodiles in the river, and we bathed there very often, swimming out into the midst of the stream. At Shendy, on the contrary, they are greatly dreaded; the Arabs and the slaves and females, who repair to the shore of the river near the town every morning and evening, to wash their linen, and fill their water-skins for the supply of the town, are obliged to be continually on the alert, and such as bathe take care not to proceed to any great distance into the river. I was several times present when a crocodile made its appearance, and witnessed the terror it inspired; the crowd all quickly retiring up the beach. During my stay at Shendy, a man who had been advised to bathe in the river, after having escaped the small-pox, was seized and killed by one of these animals. At Sennaar crocodiles are often brought to market, and their flesh is publicly sold there. I once tasted some of the meat at Ene, in Upper Egypt; it is of a dirty white colour, not unlike young veal, with a slight fishy smell; the animal had been caught by some fishermen in a strong net, and was above twelve feet in length. The Governor of Ene ordered it to be brought into his courtyard, where more than an hundred balls were fired against it without any effect, till it was thrown upon its back, and the contents of a small swivel discharged at its belly, the skin of which is much softer than that of the back.

Next to Sennaar, and Cobbé (in Darfour) Shendy is the largest town in eastern Soudan, and larger, according to the report of the merchants, than the capitals of Dongola and Koreofan. It consists of several quarters, divided from each other by public places, or markets, and it contains altogether from eight hundred to a thousand houses. It is built upon the sandy plain, at about half an hour's walk from the river; its houses are similar to those of Berber; but it contains a greater number of large buildings, and fewer ruins. The houses seldom form any regular street, but are spread over the plain in great disorder. I nowhere saw any walks of burnt bricks. The houses of the chief, and those of his relatives, contain court-yards

twenty feet square, inclosed by high walls, and this is the general description of the habitations of Shendy. The government is in the hands of the Mek; the name of the present chief is Nimr, i.e. Tiger. The reigning family is of the same tribe as that which now occupies the throne of Sennaar, namely the Wold Adjid, which, as far as I could understand, is a branch of the Fannye. The father of Nimr was an Arab of the tribe of Djaalein, but his mother was of the royal blood of Wold Ajib; and thus it appears that women have a right to the succession. This agrees with the narrative of Bruce, who found at Shendy a woman upon the throne, whom he calls Sittina (an Arabic word meaning our Lady). The Mek of Shendy, like the Mek of Berber, is subject to Sennaar; but, excepting the purchase money paid for his Government, on his accession, and occasional presents to the king and vizier \* of Sennaar, he is entirely independent, and governs his district, which extends about two days' journeys farther to the south, quite at his own pleasure.

Gold is the second article in the Sennaar trade. It is purchased by the merchants of Sennaar from the Abyssinian traders; but I have not been able exactly to ascertain in what province of western Abyssinia it is found. The principal market for gold appears to be Ras el Fil, a station in the caravan route from Sennaar to Gondar, four days' journeys from the former. This route is at present much frequented by Sennaar traders, as well as by that class of Abyssinian merchants called Djebert, who appear to be the chief slave and gold traders of that country.

The name of Noubia is given to all the Blacks coming from the slave countries to the south of Sennaar. The territory of Sennaar extends, as far as I could learn from the merchants of the country, ten days' journey beyond the city, in a south and south-east direction, and is inhabited exclusively by free Arab tribes, who make incursions into the more southern mountains, and carry off the children of the idolaters. These Noubia slaves (among whom must also be reckoned those who are born in the neighbourhood of Sennaar, of male Negroes and female Abyssinians; and who are afterwards sold by the masters of the parents) form a middle class between the true Blacks and the Abyssinians; their colour is less dark than that of the Negroe, and has a copper tinge, but it is darker than that of the free Arabs of Sennaar and Shendy. Their features, though they retain evident signs of Negroe origin, have still something of what is called regular; their noses, though smaller than those of the Europeans, are less flat than those of the Negroes; their lips are less thick, and the cheek-bones not so prominent. The hair of some is woolly; but among the greater part it is similar to the hair of Europeans, but stronger, and always curled. The palm of their hands is soft, a

\* The vizier of Sennaar, of the Adelan family, is said to be the real master there, while the king has a mere shadow of authority.

circumstance by which they particularly distinguish themselves from the true Negroe, whose hands, when touched, feel like wood.

Persons from the Hedjaz and from Egypt sometimes pass by Shendy on their way to Sennaar, in search of young monkeys, which they teach to perform the tricks so amusing to the populace in the towns of Arabia, Syria, and Egypt. I was repeatedly asked whether I had not come in search of monkeys, for that my equipments appeared too shabby for those of a merchant. These monkey-hunters are held in great contempt, because, as the Negroes say, they pass their whole lives in making others laugh at them.

The people of Shendy know little of musical instruments, however fond they may be of songs. The lyre (Tamboura) and a kind of fife with a dismal sound, made of the hollow Dhourra stalk, are the only instruments I saw, except the kettle-drum. This appears to be all over Soudan an appendage of royalty; and when the natives wish to designate a man of power, they often say the Nogara beats before his house. At Shendy the Mek's kettle-drums were beaten regularly every afternoon before his house. A favourite pastime of the Negroe Arabs, and which is also known among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, is the Syredje, a kind of draughts; it is played upon sandy ground, on which they trace with the finger chequers of forty-nine squares; the pieces, on one side, are round balls of camel's dung, picked up in the street, and on the other those of goats. It is an intricate game, and requires great attention; the object is to take all the antagonist's pieces, but the rules are very different from those of Polish draughts. The people are uncommonly fond of the game, two persons seldom sitting down together without immediately beginning to draw squares in the sand. The Mek himself will play with the lowest slave, if the latter is reputed a good player. If a bye-stander assists one of the parties with his advice, it gives no offence to the other; sometimes they play for a gourd of Bouza, but not usually. Chess is not quite unknown here, but I never met with any one who played it.

(To be continued.)

#### PEAK SCENERY.

Or *Excursions in Derbyshire: made chiefly for the purpose of Picturesque Observation. Illustrated with Engravings by G. Cooke, &c. from Drawings made by F. L. Chantrey, Esq. Sculptor, R. A. By E. Rhodes. Part II. Large 4to. pp. 126.*

The first part of this pleasing work was published about a year and a half ago, and reviewed in the Literary Gazette of May 9th, 1818. We there did justice to its beauty as a specimen of the fine arts, and to its agreeable qualities as a literary composition. The present continuation is in the same style of excellence, in so far as regards the taste of

the designs and the fine execution of the engravings: the letter-press descriptions, however, appear to us to be more sentimental and less amusing. It is not easy for a person who feels the—

boundless store  
Of charms which nature to her votary yields,  
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even;  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—to continue writing on the picturesque, without becoming more and more inspired with the subject; and, probably, there is no species of authorship in which it is so difficult to communicate emotions, as that wherein an active reveller in the profusion of nature endeavours to transmute his refined sensations into the mind of a mere passive reader. That which causes him to exclaim with rapture, "Lo! what a goodly fabric is here;" that which throws him into ecstasies; that on which he dwells with ineffable delight;—the cloud cap mountain, living stream, and fairy dell, come all upon our numbed sense, with a force not much greater than a dream, or twice-told tale vexing the dull ear of a sleepy man. We are, therefore, willing to divide the slight censure we have passed on this volume, and to ascribe part of our languor to our own state of inaptitude, and only the remainder to that sort of exaggerated sensibility in Mr. Rhodes, which, it appears to us, is rather of a Gallic than a British character; and sometimes excites a smile instead of sympathy. But we ought to add to this, that all the remarks contained in the work, are simple, judicious, and impartial; and that, generally, we are carried along with the author in his glowing pictures of sweet and romantic scenery.

This Excursion begins at Tidswell, and embraces Buxton with its baths; the Valley of the Wye; Haddon, the ancient baronial seat of the Rutland family, and the still more ancient Vernons and Peverils; Chatsworth, the princely abode of the Duke of Devonshire; and most of the remarkable villages, views, &c. in this interesting part of Derbyshire.

The Plates are seven in number, viz.—Shirbrook Dell; the Wye from Priestcliff; Monsul Dale; Rustic Bridge, *ibid.* Cross in Bakewell Church-yard; Haddon Hall, and Chatsworth House. Of these, Shirbrook Dell is singularly beautiful, and extraordinary for its natural features, which resemble a mighty portal into an Arcadia beyond: the view of the Wye is also a remarkable landscape, and, with all the improvement of modern engraving, curiously reminds us of the Art in its rudest infancy; but our fa-

your little piece is the Rustic Bridge, the spirit, and grace, and fidelity of which, constitute a model for the ornamenting of publications, where the aid of the arts is required. Every one knows the trouble and difficulty of procuring works from engravers, the most eminent of whom are eminently tardy and tiresome in completing the subjects committed to their charge; inasmuch, that a finished quarto seems often to be a more easily attainable matter than a finished frontispiece to adorn it. Plates like this last, however, which do not need so much labour, are, in our opinion, admirably calculated to illustrate almost every species of writing; and, except in rare instances, we earnestly advise the adoption of a manner at once so full of effect, and so perfectly adequate to convey the impression of any object whatever.

The plate of Chatsworth is also very finely executed.

With regard to the literary portion of this production, a few extracts will best display it; and we select them with only a view to the variety of their topics. The following is a fair example of the author's descriptive powers.

At Blackwell-Mill, where the river is spread out into considerable breadth, the dale expands and assumes a different character. Here the stupendous rocky scenery of the Wye subsides, and a series of deep dales succeeds, which are formed by high sloping hills, that are thinly covered with verdure, and in some places crested with craggy knolls and broken rocks. Within the hollow of those mighty hills, which here prescribe the course of the river, lies Blackwell-Mill. Topley Pike, broad at its base, and lifting high its pointed summit o'er all surrounding objects, is here a giant feature in the landscape. Along the side of this magnificent hill the new road from Bakewell to Buxton has been carried: one would almost wonder at so bold an attempt, but what cannot the talent and perseverance of man achieve?

While I was in the dale below, contemplating the steep acclivity of Topley Pike, I was startled from my reverie by the sound of a coachman's horn, which came gently upon the ear, when I was least prepared to expect such a greeting. Shortly a stage-coach appeared, which seemed actually to issue from the clouds, and I observed it pass rapidly along the side of the hill, where the eye could scarcely discern the trace of a road, and where to all appearance, a human foot could with difficulty find a resting-place. Had I supposed this vehicle to have contained in it beings like myself, I might have shuddered with apprehension, but the coach, from its great height above me, looked so like a child's toy, and the sound of the horn was so soft and unobtrusive—so unlike the loud blast of a stage-coachman's bugle—and altogether the place was so unfitted for the intrusion of such an object, that it appeared more like a fairy scene, or a picture of imagination, than any thing real and substantial.

The feelings here are naturally ex-

pressed; and by reversing the picture, a very different order might be indulged. We have looked from the height of a mountain down upon the grandest procession of pomp and royalty; and it is not in language to denote how mean and trifling the little puppet-show looked when thus connected with the stupendous glories of the surrounding scenery. The figures in Chinese-ombres afforded the only parallel.—If the wilds of Derbyshire possess the sublime in landscape, rather than the splendour of mortal equipments, they seem also rich in another point, which has, heaven knows how often untruly, been considered a blessing in life.

As we entered Taddington (says Mr. R.) which is one of the meanest villages in Derbyshire, we visited the church-yard, or rather the open grass field in which the church stands, where we observed an old stone cross, the shaft of which is ornamented with various devices on every side, but all inferior in execution to those at Eyam and Bakewell, and altogether different in form, manner, and character. If long life may be regarded as a blessing, the inhabitants of Taddington appear to have been peculiarly blessed: the grave stones in the church-yard are not numerous, yet we observed more than an usual proportion that were inscribed to the memory of those who had died at a good old age. From eighty to one hundred years seems here the common term of existence. The parish clerk shewed us the new register, which commences with the year 1813. In the first page only, in the short space of six months, are recorded the deaths of four individuals, whose united ages amounted to three hundred and seventy-nine years; the oldest of these venerable personages attained the age of one hundred and seven, and one of the four has a sister now living in Taddington who is ninety-eight years old. These instances of longevity are extraordinary in so small a village, and they shew that the reputation Taddington has obtained for the healthfulness of its situation and the salubrity of its air, rests on a good foundation. Well might the old woman at Ashford, who, when she had weathered seventy-eight years of existence, and found the infirmities of old age approaching, express an anxiety to remove her residence and live at Taddington, observing at the same time, that "folk did no die there so young as she was."

We copy another notice respecting the marbles at an adjoining village:

Ashford has been long celebrated for its marbles, which are obtained from the hills that afford it shelter, and are cut into form and polished at the mills originally erected by the late Mr. Henry Watson, of Bakewell, who obtained a patent to secure to himself the advantages of his mechanical skill and ingenuity. The grey-marbles dug from the quarries in the vicinity of Ashford are less esteemed than formerly, and the works where they are sawn into slabs and polished, are

sinking into disuse and decay. This may be regretted, as the numerous shells and the great variety of figures which they contain, when cut transversely, exhibit an infinite variety of vegetable and animal remains, that are not less curious than beautiful. The black marble here procured is not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in any part of the world; its deep, unvaried colour, and the compactness of its texture, fit it to receive the highest polish; a mirror can hardly present a clearer or a more beautiful surface; hence it is highly esteemed, but being difficult to work, it is too expensive for common occasions.—In Chatsworth House there are some columns of this marble, which are used as pedestals for busts, and some ornamented vases of exquisite beauty. Mr. White Watson, in his *Delineation of the Strata of Derbyshire*, mentions this material under the denomination of "Bituminous Fetid Limestone," and he intimates "that its colour is owing to Petroleum, with which it abounds." He farther observes, "this limestone is subject to decompose, in which operation the calcareous particles are disengaged and escape, and their interstices are occupied by water, the same still occupying the same space, bulk for bulk, as before; but on being squeezed, the water comes out as from a sponge. On being exposed to the air, by laying it in the grass (which it destroys), and sweeter herbage springs up in its place) till perfectly dry, the water evaporating leaves a very light impalpable substance, called Rotten Stone, much esteemed for polishing metals, &c." To those who are acquainted with the peculiar use of this substance, I need offer no apology for this short extract from Mr. Watson's account of its formation. The subject is treated more largely in pages 45 and 46 of his work; and I gladly refer to his interesting detail of that curious operation of nature by which Rotten Stone is produced, and I do this more freely as I understand the correctness of his theory has been disputed. Dirlow Moor, near Bakewell, where the surface is very wet, has the reputation of furnishing the best specimens of this very useful article.

At Bakewell there is an ancient ruin in the Church-yard; but its modern tombs afford us more curious matter.

On a black marble tablet, which is inserted on a grave-stone near the east end of the church, there is the following inscription to the memory of a child aged two years and eight months. As a specimen of country church-yard poetry it has a claim to more than common consideration.

"Reader! beneath this marble lies  
The sacred dust of Innocence;  
Two years he blest his parents' eyes,  
The third an angel took him hence;  
The sparkling eyes, the lisping tongue,  
Complaisance sweet and manners mild,  
And all that pleases in the young,  
Were all united in this child.  
Wouldst thou his happier state explore?  
To thee the bliss is freely given;  
Go, gentle reader! sin no more,  
And thou shalt see this flower in heaven."

Near the same place, on the contrary side of the pathway, there is an epitaph of a different character, in which the writer has eulogised the very extraordinary vocal powers of the parish-clerk. Some of the rhymes are managed with a Hudibrastic felicity, and on reading the inscription I was induced to give it a place in my note-book. This person's name was Roe; his father filled the situation of parish clerk before him, and if his grave-stone flatters not, with equal ability, it tells us in humble prose, that "the natural powers of his voice in clearness, strength, and sweetness, were altogether unequalled;" a commendation which is reiterated in verse on the neighbouring tomb-stone.

"The vocal powers here let us mark,  
Of Philip, our late parish-clerk,  
In church none never heard a layman  
With a clearer voice say "AMEN!"  
Who now with halloojahs sound,  
Like him can make the roofs rebound?  
The choir lament his choral tones,  
The town so soon here lie his bones."

At the west end of the church, on a table monument, another inscription occurs still more amusing, if I may be permitted to use a phrase so little in harmony with those feelings which generally accompany a contemplation of the last resting-place of those who have gone before us to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." An old man and his two wives occupy this tomb, where undisturbed by the jealous cares of life, they sleep together lovingly, so says the legend which nearly covers one side of the tomb—

"Know, posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of Grace 1757, the rambling remains of the above-said John Dale were in the 86th year of his pilgrimage laid upon his two wives.  
"This thing in life might cause some jealousy,  
Here all three sleep together lovingly,  
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,  
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;  
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,  
The Goodman's quiet,—still are both his wives."

We shall now conclude with a brief allusion to Haddon Hall, which it seems might have served for the study of Cedric's residence in Ivanhoe.

The gallery, which occupies nearly the whole of the south part of Haddon, is a noble apartment: its style of architecture fixes the date of its erection in the time of Elizabeth, in whose reign this venerable structure passed from the Vernons into the possession of Sir John Manners, who was the second son of the first Earl of Rutland. In the windows of the gallery are the arms of both families in stained glass, and the boar's head and the peacock, their respective crests; liberally ornament this part of the house. This room is one hundred and ten feet long and seventeen wide, and the whole of the floor is said to have been cut out of one oak tree, which grew in the park. In the dining hall there is an elevated platform, a general construction in ancient halls, which is still retained in many colleges, wherein the high stable is placed, at which the lord of the mansion presided at the head of his household and his guests. A gallery, which

on festive occasions was appropriated to mirth and minstrelsy, occupies two sides of this apartment. On the wainscot, near the principal entrance, we observed an iron fastening of a peculiar structure, which was large enough to admit the wrist of a man's hand, and which we were informed had been placed there for the purpose of punishing trivial offences. It had likewise another use, and served to enforce the laws and regulations adopted among the servants of this establishment. The man who refused duly to take his horn of ale, or neglected to perform the duties of his office, had his hand locked to the wainscot somewhat higher than his head, by this iron fastening, when cold water was poured down the sleeve of his doublet as a punishment for his offence. One of the old servants of the family, who attended upon strangers when I first visited Haddon, when pointing out the uses to which this curious relique of former times was applied, facetiously remarked, "that it grew rusty for want of use."

Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, who was a native of Derbyshire, often visited Haddon Hall, for the purpose of storing her imagination with those romantic ideas, and impressing upon it those sublime and awful pictures which she so much delighted to pourtray: some of the most gloomy scenery of her "Mysteries of Udolpho" was studied within the walls of this ancient structure.

These passages furnish grounds for a competent judgment upon the *Second Part of Peak Scenery*; and, united with the excellence of the plates, we have no doubt, will cause the two remaining parts to be looked for with avidity.

*Travels of the Persian Prince, Mirza Aboul-Taleb-Khan, through Asia, Africa, and Europe; written by himself, translated into French by M. Charles Malo.*

(Reviewed from a French Journal.)

"This Persian Prince, whose portrait still decorates the print-shops of the Boulevards, excited extraordinary interest during his late visit to Paris. Our ladies were all anxious to gain introductions to him, and they would have thought him the most charming Ambassador in the world, could he have been prevailed on to bring his *Fair Circassian* to the Opera. It appears, however, that he visited Europe on a former occasion. About twenty years ago, having unexpectedly forfeited the favour of the Persian Court, he set out on his travels, as it were, by way of revenge. Prince Mirza had been betrothed to the niece of a *Nabab*; he had been appointed to the office of *amildar*, which signifies superintendent of direct and indirect taxes; finally, he had been created a general, for in Asia, the art of levying taxes is very much like the art of war; and in a great victory he had had the honor to kill a *Rajah*. In spite of all these titles to public esteem, he was hurled from his exalted rank; but, instead of retiring to the country, or writing

for the opposition Journals, as our disgraced European statesmen do, he bade adieu to the banks of the Ganges, and embarked on board of a European vessel, without caring whither he went; and, as he himself says:— 'in the hope that some accident might put a period to his life and his sorrows.'

"Prince Mirza arrived in England. There he was enchanted by a thousand new objects. He forgot his political disasters, and observed and described every thing from Windsor Castle to the humblest cottage, from the English kitchen to the institution of the jury. England became his favourite country. However, the Oriental observer is far from approving all the customs of the three Kingdoms. The English, he says, have twelve vices or defects:—They are haughty, voluptuous, dull, indolent, choleric, and vain; they are atheists, gourmands, spendthrifts, egotists, and libertines; and they affect a sovereign contempt for the customs of other nations. But this condemnation is succeeded by an enumeration of the good qualities of the English; which are, hospitality, delicacy, philanthropy, respect for their superiors, and above all, their profound respect for fashion. 'This arbitrary law obliges the rich to change every year, not only the form of their dress, but also their household furniture. A lady of taste would consider herself disgraced, if her drawing-room retained the same furniture for two years in succession. However, this extravagance encourages industry; and the lower classes of the people may procure at a very cheap rate, those articles of which the rich are thus obliged to rid themselves.'

"But our traveller enters upon observations of a more important nature. In his quality of *ex-amildar*, he examines the state of the English finances, calculates the expenditure, and estimates the ways and means, like a man of business; and, all things considered, he declares that England must, if precautions be not adopted, sink under the weight of her national debt. Prince Mirza observes, that only one mode of liquidation can save England. This expedient, it is true, has something oriental about it, which might naturally startle our European State-Annuity-tants. He proposes *bankruptcy*. The word is harsh, but the effect of the measure would be admirable. 'One party would pay less in taxes, the other would have less revenue; every one would be satisfied, and would bless the hour when the grand *amildar* of Etayah set foot in England.'

"The English ladies particularly excite the admiration of the Persian Prince. He was enchanted with the beauty of their features, the elegance of their forms, and their graceful deportment: he styles them angels, celestial houris, tulips, and Damascene roses. He wrote Persian odes to the English fashionables, in which he compared them to the *toba* and the *sudrah*,—(no offence to the *Sheik* of Mecca,) and at length the poor Ambassador, the *ci-devant amildar*, the ex-minister, and disbanded general, so far lost his senses, so far forgot his misfortunes and Mahomet, that he exclaims in one of his odes: 'Fill my cup

with the juice of the grape! I do not hesitate to forswear the religion of my fathers."

"Judging from this poetical licence, it may naturally be supposed that all the admiration of Prince Mirza was exhausted on England. When he arrived in France, like an unhappy lover, he observed everything with chagrin and ill-humour. Perhaps some of his condemnations may be attributed to the effects of indigestion. Our *fêtes*, he says, gave him the *heart-ache*; our meat was always dried and burnt up; we are, in his opinion, barbarians in the art of cookery. The English excel in the pleasures of the table. But our ladies, our fair Parisians, displeased the Ambassador almost as much as our dinners. He had before told us, that they wanted the modesty and graceful manners of the beauties of Britain;—he now tells us, that they have the habit of painting; that their head-dresses resemble those of Indian dancers; and that their short-waisted dresses give them the appearance of being hump-backed. He examined them closely, in the ball-room, the theatre, the public gardens; but not one ever made the slightest impression on him; "and yet, (he says,) I am naturally amorous, and easily captivated." It was doubtless in consequence of these reflections, that the Ambassador deemed it advisable, on his second visit to France, to bring with him a Circassian Slave, and thus to travel with a fragment of his Harem. Had our ladies perused this important book six months ago, they certainly would not have clapped so heartily whenever Prince Mirza-About-Taleb-Khan appeared in public. To say the French ladies are hump-backed, and to compare the English ladies to the roses of Damascus! O, the abominable Persian!

"After such outrages, national honour compels us to close the book. We abandon the traveller to his fate:—he may visit the south of France and Italy;—he may go to Constantinople, and relate his adventures to his good friends the Turks;—in a word, he may finish his travels by passing through Mossoul, Bagdad, Bassora, and Bombay—we care nothing about him. We are only sorry to be obliged to confess, that the narrative is instructive and entertaining; that the translation is executed with talent, and that the work has already come to a second edition."

*Anastasius; or, Memoirs of a Greek.*  
3 vols.  
(Continued.)

Our reluctance to part with Anastasius, is shown by the exception which the pleasant and profligate hero has caused us to make from our general rule, of closing the subjects of the year within the last Number of our annual volume. Our apology follows.

When released from the Bagnio, the destitute but pliant Greek has to seek for means to sustain life; and he happily gets employment as an interpreter in the European quarter. His introduction

to this situation is very humorously related; and as the diplomatic anecdotes which follow are curious illustrations of the genuineness of the work, we quote the whole passage.

Absorbed in this weighty consideration (how to subsist) I slowly walked down the hill of St. Demetrius, when I fancied I discerned at a distance a caravan of travellers, who, with a slow and steady pace, were advancing towards Pera, the residence of the Franks at Constantinople. I mechanically quickened my pace, in order to survey the procession more closely.

First in the order of march came a clumsy calash, stowed as full as it could hold of wondering travellers; next came a heavy araba, loaded with as many trunks, portmanteaus, parcels, and packages, as it could well carry; and lastly led up the rear, a grim-looking Tartar, keeping order among half a dozen Frank servants of every description, jogging heavily along on their worn out jades. At this sight the Drougueman blood began to speak within me. "These are strangers, Anastasius," it whispered: "be thou their interpreter, and thy livelihood is secured." I obeyed the inward voice as an inspiration from Heaven, and, after smartening myself up a little, approached the first carriage.

"Welcome to Pera, excellencies!" said I, with a profound bow, to the party within. At these words up started two gaunt figures in night caps, with spectacles on their noses and German pipes in their mouths—whose respective corners still kept mechanically puffing whiffs of smoke at each other. The first action which followed was to lay their hands on the blunderbusses hung round the carriage: but seeing me alone, on foot, and to all appearance not very formidable, they seemed after some consultation to think they might venture not to fire, and only kept staring at me in profound silence. I therefore repeated my salute in a more articulate manner, and again said: "welcome, Excellencies, to Pera, where you are most anxiously expected. As you will probably want a skillful interpreter, give me leave to recommend a most unexceptionable person,—I mean myself. Respectable references, I know, are indispensable in a place where every one is on the watch to impose upon the unwary traveller; but such I think I can name. As to what character they may give me; that,"—added I with a modest bow,—"it becomes not your humble servant himself to state."

At so Christian-like a speech, uttered in the very heart of Turkey, the travellers grinned from ear to ear with delight. It produced another short consultation; after which the two chiefs cried out in chorus: "*Oui, oui, pasoin*;" and bade me mount by their side. This enabled me, after a little compliment on Germany their birth-place, and on their proficiency in the French idiom, immediately to enter upon the duties of my office—for which I thought myself sufficiently qualified by the squibs which I had heard the Drougueman of the Porte, Morosi, let off in company with my patron at the diplomatic corps of Pera.

"This edifice," said I, pointing to the first building of note in the suburb which we met on our way, "is the palace of the Ich-Oglans—the Sultan's pages. It is the most fruitful seminary of favourites, of Pashas, and of Sultanas husbands. In that direction lives that most respectable of characters the Imperial internuncio—the Baron Herbert; who, with all the shrewdness of a thorough-paced minister, combines all the playful simplicity of a child. Further on dwells the French ambassador Monsieur de Choiseul-Gouffier—a very great man in little things; and opposite him lives his antagonist in taste, politics, and country, the English envoy Sir Robert Ainslie—of whom the world maintains exactly the reverse. Quite at the bottom of the street, likewise facing each other, live the envoys of Russia and of Sweden. The former I feel bound to respect, whatever be his merit; the latter really possesses much. He is an Armenian, who writes in French a history of Turkey. Lately he has made with his bookseller an exchange profitable to both,—he having given his manuscript, and the other his daughter: that is to say, the Armenian a single voluminous work, and the Frenchman a brief epitome of his whole shop. Wedged in between the palaces of Spain and Portugal is that of the Dutch ambassador, whose name, Vandendidden-totgelder, is almost too long for these short autumn days; and whose head is thought to be almost as long as his name: inasmuch as he regularly receives, twice a week, the *Leyden Gazette*; which renders him beyond all controversy the best informed of the whole Christian *Corps Diplomatique*, in respect of Turkish politics. You see, gentlemen, the representatives of all the potentates of Christendom, from Petersburg to Lisbon and from Stockholm to Naples, are here penned up together in this single narrow street, where they have the advantage of living as far as possible from the Turks among whom they come to reside, and of watching all day long the motions of their own colleagues, from their most distant journeys to the sublime Porte, to their most ordinary visits to the recesses at the bottom of their gardens."

These little specimens of my *savoir-dire* seemed to please my German friends. They immediately noted them down in their huge memorandum books, which, no more than their short pipes, ever were left idle an instant. Scarce had the party stepped into the inn, which I was allowed to recommend, when they engaged me for the whole fortnight which they meant to devote to the survey of the Turkish Capital.

My travellers were of the true inquisitive sort. Every body used to fly at their approach; a circumstance highly favourable to my interest. Under the notion of always applying for information at the fountain-head, they would stop the earliest Turk they met, to ask why Moslemen locked up their women. One day they begged the Imperial minister, at his own table, to tell them confidentially whether Austria was to be trusted. They were very solicitous to know from the Russian envoy the number of Catherine's lovers; and they pressed hard for an audi-

cence of the Kishar-Aga, only to enquire whence came the best black eunuchs. Had they been in company with the Grand Mufti, they certainly would have asked his honest opinion of the mission of Mohammed; and they would scarce have neglected the opportunity, had it offered, of enquiring of the Sultan himself, whether he was legitimate heir to the Califate, as he asserted. In consequence of this straight-forward system, I was every moment obliged to interfere, and to pledge myself for the guiltless intentions of our travellers. The statistics of the empire, its government, politics, finances, &c. indeed, they troubled themselves little about. All such things they thought they could learn much more compendiously at home from the Leipzig gazetteer; but the botany and nomenclature of the country were what they studied both body and soul. Every day we brought home from our excursions such heaps of what the ignorant chose to call hay and stones, that the wags whom we met on our way used to ask whether these were for food and lodging; while the more fanatical among the Turks swore we carried away patterns of the country, in order to sell it to the infidels; and one party, by way of giving us enough of what we wanted, was near stoning us to death. Hereupon, to elude observation, my cunning travellers determined to dress after the country fashion: but this only made bad worse; for they wore their new garb so awkwardly, that the natives began to think they put it on in mockery, and were frequently near stripping them to the skin; independent of which, whenever they went out, they got so entangled in their shaksheers and trousers, their shawls and their papooses, that our progress might be traced by the mere relics of their habiliments which strewn the road. Sole manager both of the home and foreign department, I however tried to give all possible respectability to their appearance, and never would suffer their dignity to be committed by paltry savings; at the same time that, to shew them how careful I was of their money, I took care sometimes to detain them an hour or two in driving a close bargain about a few paras,—especially when I saw them in a hurry. Accordingly, if they had any fault to find with me, it was for my over scrupulous economy. That failing alone excepted, they thought me a treasure; and so I certainly found them.

The fortnight of their intended stay having elapsed, they were all impatience to depart. Out of pure regard for science, I contrived to prolong their sojourn another fortnight, by various little delays, which with a little industry I brought about in the most natural way imaginable, but which I joined them in lamenting exceedingly: and when at last they set off—which I saw with very sincere regret—I was left by them in possession of a most flattering written testimonial of my zeal and fidelity. As to their behaviour to me, its liberality might be sufficiently inferred from the change in my appearance. I looked a different person.

The continuation of this course affords us a droll, and we dare say, not very in-

correct account, of an adventure in which one of our own countrymen figured. Anastasius proceeds—

This first experiment gave me a taste for the Tergimanic life. It also increased my means of success in that line. Until I took up my residence at Pera, I had little intercourse with that odd race of people yclept Franks, except through the stray specimens that now and then crossed the harbour, on a visit of curiosity or business to Constantinople. I now got acquainted with their ways, while they became familiarised with my person. This gradually procured me the advantage of seeing and serving in my new capacity, samples of almost every nation of Europe. Thus I formed a sort of polyglot collection of certificates of my own ability and merits, which I filed very neatly according to the order of their dates; and to a sight of which I treated every new comer whom I thought worthy of that distinction.

Once, however, the lofty manner and the imperious tone of an English traveller, newly arrived, completely deceived me. From his fastidiousness I made no doubt I was addressing some great Mylord. It was a button-maker to whom I had the honour of bowing. He came red hot from a place called Birmingham, to show the Turks samples of his manufacture. Unfortunately Turks wear no buttons, at least such as he dealt in; at which discovery he felt exceedingly wroth. My ill-fated back was destined to feel the first brunt of his ill humour. After spending nearly two hours in spelling every word of every one of my certificates—"this then," said he in a scarce intelligible idiom, which he fancied to be French, "is the evidence of your deserts?" "It is," answered I, with an inclination of the head. "And I am to make it the rule of my behaviour?" "If your Excellency be pleased to have that goodness," replied I smirking most agreeably. "Very well," resumed the traitor, never moving a muscle of his insipid countenance, "My Excellency will have that goodness." And up he gets, gravely walks—without uttering another syllable—to the door, turns the key in the lock, takes a little bit of a pistol scarce five inches long—also from Birmingham I suppose—out of his pocket, snatches up a cudgel as thick as my wrist, and turning short upon me, who stood wondering in what this strange prelude was to end, holds the pistol to my throat, and lays the cane across my back.

This operation performed to his satisfaction: "It was No. 5," coolly said the miscreant, "whose contents I thought it right to comply with first; as being written by one of my countrymen, and because I make it a rule, in every species of business, to get the worst part over first. Had you understood our language—as an interpreter by profession ought—you might have known the certificate in question to be a solemn adjuration to all the writer's countrymen, to treat you as I have had the pleasure of doing; and all that remains for you to perform, is to give me a regular receipt, such as I may have to shew."

The pistol was still tickling my throat, I,

jammed up against the wall, and the button-maker six feet high, and as strong as a horse. All therefore I could do in the way of heroism would have been to have let him blow out my brains at once;—after which, adieu my turban, at least here below! I therefore signed, had the satisfaction of seeing the receipt neatly folded up and deposited in a little red morocco pocket-book with silver clasps, was offered a sequin for the exercise I had afforded, took the money, and, leaving the button-maker to write home what mean rascals the Greeks were, departed fully impressed with the usefulness of learning languages.

Almost every evening the man of buttons used to walk from Pera, where he had his lodgings, to a merchant's at Galata, from whence he frequently returned home pretty late at night, without any escort; trusting to his small pocket instrument, and to his own colossal stature, for his safety. A dexterous thrust, at an unexpected turn, might easily have sent him to the shades below; but this would not have sufficed to assuage my thirst for just revenge. I wished to inflict a shame more deep, more lasting, than my own, and which, like Prometheus's vulture, should keep gnawing the traitor's heart while he lived. His great ambition at Constantinople was to boast the good graces of some Turkish female,—young or old, fair or ugly, no matter! On this laudable wish I founded my scheme.

Muffled up in the feridjee which entirely covers the figure of the Mohammedan fair, and the veil which conceals their faces, I went and seated myself, immediately after dusk, on one of the tomb-stones of the extensive cemetery of Galata, where my traveller had to pass.

He soon arrived, and, as I expected, stopped to survey the lonely fair one, whose appearance seemed to invite a comforter. The bait took. My friend, on his nearer approach, aware that his pantomime was more intelligible than his idiom, had recourse to the universal language: he held up a sequin,—his regular fee on all occasions,—and my acceptance of which encourages my shepherd to become more enterprising. He now wishes to unveil me. I resist:—but by way of compromise for keeping concealed my features, I shew my necklace, my bracelets, my girdle. In an infantine manner I slip the manacles from my own wrists over those of my companion, and, before his suspicions are aroused, have the satisfaction to see him fast bound in chains, not only of airy love, but of good solid brass; and with a soft lip wish him joy of being at once handcuffed and pinioned. It was now I shewed my face, and drew out my handjar. Seeing him disposed to remonstrate, "No noise," cried I, "or you die; but return me the receipt." Unable to stir, my prisoner in a surly tone bade me take it myself. I did so, and thanked him; "but," added I, "as we have not here—as with you—all the conveniences for writing, accept the acknowledgement of the poor and illiterate:" saying which, I drew the holy mark of the cross after the Greek form, neatly but indelibly, with the button-maker's own sequin, on his clumsy forehead;

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pooured into the wound some of the gunpowder out of his pouch; and, apologizing for the poorness of the entertainment, bade him good night and walked off.

A troop of Calcondjees of my acquaintance, reeling home from a tavern, happened to come up just as I retired, and took all that I had left. The next morning the man of buttons departed from Constantinople without sound of trumpet, before sunrise; and never since has been heard of in the Turkish dominions.

(To be continued.)

#### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS FOR AUGUST.

Art. IV. Travels in various Countries of the East, by Sir William Ouseley. Vol. 1. 4to.

We have had of late such frequent occasion to direct our attention to Persia, in noticing the travels of Mr. Morier, Lieutenant Col. Johnson, &c. that in the great press of other matter, we have hitherto omitted to notice the present important work.

Sir Gore Ouseley, the author's brother, having been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia, it was natural that Sir William Ouseley, who had applied himself for many years to the study of the language and literature of Persia, should take this opportunity of visiting a country the history and antiquities of which were the constant objects of his meditations. He was, consequently, attached to the Embassy as private secretary to Sir Gore Ouseley. We shall pass over the descriptive part of the voyage, and merely say that this first volume terminates with the arrival of the Embassy at Schiraz.

This volume is divided into six chapters: 1st. from England to Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, and Ceylon. 2d. From Ceylon to the coasts of Malabar and Bombay. 3d. On the Parsès and Guebres, the worshippers of fire. 4th. Voyage from Bombay to the Persian Gulph and Buschire. 5th. Encampment of the Embassy near Buschire. 6th. Journey from Buschire to Schiraz.

The nature of the antiquarian and erudite researches founded on the travels of Sir W. O. and which, according to the author's intention, were to constitute its chief merit, appears in the first chapter, in the notes by which it is accompanied. The ancient name of Tapiobana, the other ancient and modern names of Ceylon, the principal productions of that island, the commercial intercourse of the ancients with China, inquiries relative to the situation of Ophir, an ancient expedition of a Persian monarch against the inhabitants of Ceylon, romantic adventures of Alexander, the visit of that prince accompanied by the philosopher Belinas to Adam's Peak, and many other accessory objects, are treated of, either in the text or the notes of this first chapter. What is most curious in these researches, are the quotations from a great number of oriental writers, always given in the original language, and translated with great accuracy. We have, however, observed

one passage, in which the author seems to have made a singular mistake.

Sir W. Ouseley, when speaking of the isle of Ceylon and its productions, and referring to a curious passage of the *Nozhat alholoub*, a work by Hamd-Allah Kazwini, frequently quoted by the name of the Persian Geographer, employs a long note on the mineral substance called in Persian *Sunbadèh*. Our author having quoted what we find in the *Tarkang Djehanguir* and in the *Burhan hatî*, on the *Sunbadèh*, or Emery, adds: "These notions appear to be partly borrowed from Hamd-Allah Kazwini, who in that part of his work which relates to mineralogy, describes the *Sunbadèh*, as a sandy rough stone of which the lapidaries make use to pierce hard stones, and "when pulverized and rubbed on beads that have decayed through age, it serves to restore them." The meaning of the original is this: "It is reduced to powder, and applied to inveterate wounds, and it cures them." This property of emery is certified by the Greek physicians; and the whole passage of Hamd-Allah appears to be borrowed from Dioscorides, whose text seems, however, to want some correction. (Dioscor. de Med. Mat. lib. V. cap. 166.) Sir W. Ouseley has been led astray by the double meaning of the original word, which signifies both wound and beard.

The second chapter contains the voyage from Ceylon to Bombay, the stay made in the last place, the visit paid by the traveller to the ancient monuments of Kineri, in the island of Salsette, and to the subterraneous temple of Elephanta. The text of this chapter appears to us to elicit nothing new; but the notes, as in the preceding, contain various learned researches: for instance, on the loves of Joseph and Zuleika, which is a subject handled by many Persian poets; on the Banian tree; on the similarity that has been observed between the divinities of India and those of the Egyptians and the Greeks; on the period to which the monuments of Elephanta belong, &c. At the end of the second chapter, Sir W. mentions the Parsès or fire worshippers, to whom, and their religion and customs, the whole third chapter is employed. Sir W. is of opinion, that the Trinity of God was at all times a principal point in the religion of the Persians; but if we examine the affair with full impartiality, I fear we shall find some exaggeration in the favorable idea which Dr. Hyde, and after him Sir W. Ouseley, have conceived, of the religion of the Parsès. When speaking of the Parsès, Sir W. takes occasion to do full justice to the labours of Mr. Anquetil du Perron, and expresses much regret that Sir William Jones did not perceive the value of the services rendered to literature by the learned Frenchman.

In the fourth chapter the author resumes the thread of his narrative, from the departure of the Embassy from Bombay, to their landing at Buschire. The most interesting part of this chapter, on the historical and geographical details relative to Ormuz, and the other islands in the Persian Gulph; and also to the maritime city of Siraf, which under the reign of the Abbassides was the

centre of the commerce of the Arabs with India and China. The notes on this chapter, though very interesting to the lovers of oriental literature, are not susceptible of analysis.

The remaining part of this volume will be examined in another article.

Art. V. *Tresor des Origines, et Dictionnaire raisonné de la langue Française*, par Ch. Pougens. Specimen. 4to.

We shall not enter into an examination of this specimen of the immense labours of Mr. Pougens, but merely state some circumstances relative to them. Mr. P. intends to publish, 1st. a *Tresor des Origines*, &c. in six volumes in folio; 2d. an abridgement of the same work, in 3 vols. 4to. and 3d. a great Dictionary of the French Language. These three lexicons will contain the results of the learned researches in which the author has employed upwards of forty years. When we are informed that Mr. Pougens has been wholly deprived of his eye-sight since the age of twenty-three, we must still more admire the extent of his labours, and the powers of his memory. We can hardly conceive how he could collect and so happily distribute so many facts, testimonies, and words of all languages, in his *Tresor*, and so many classical texts in his grammatical dictionary. The number of authors consulted to compose his *Tresor*, is above 4200. This specimen cannot but increase the eagerness of the learned to be soon in possession of these most important works.

Art. VI. *Esprit, Origine et Progrès des Institutions, judiciaires, des principaux pays de l'Europe*, par S. D. Meyer. Tome Ier.

A highly important and interesting work, to which we may probably return when the subsequent volumes are published.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### ASIATIC LITERATURE.

*St. Petersburg, 30th November.*—The literary collection of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg has been enriched, this summer, with a treasure which deserves particular mention in the annals of the Academy, not only on account of its novelty and value; but also of its importance, and the great influence which it may have in future, or the cultivation of a department of science which has long been neglected in Russia.

A collection of near five hundred Persian, Arabic, and Turkish MSS. has been added at once to the treasures already possessed by the Asiatic Museum of the Academy. They were collected in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia, by a person versed in those languages, namely, M. Rousseau, formerly the Consul General of France at Aleppo, and since at Bagdad, and taken to France, where they were immediately purchased for Russia, before any competition arose from other countries. His Majesty the Emperor has now made a present of them to the Academy of Sciences. It deserved to be acquired for Russia, and the first learned institution of the Empire may be proud of having this treasure

confided to its care. Its Asiatic Museum, which was already distinguished by its fine collection of Chinese, Japanese, Mantchou, Mongol, Kalmuck, and Tungusian writings, as well as of Oriental coins and antiquities, has by this sudden and great addition of Musselman MSS. gained in utility as much as it has acquired in higher rank among similar collections in foreign countries. For this new collection contains, in each of the three languages, and in almost every science, a number of the most distinguished and classical works of Islamism, which it would be in vain to look for in the whole continent of the Russian empire, in the libraries of the most learned Mollahs among its Mahometan inhabitants. Professor Froehn has published, in an extraordinary Supplement to the St. Petersburg Gazette, a valuable report upon this measure, of which the above is the introduction.

#### THE ORPHAN HOUSE OF LANGENDORFF IN SAXONY.

Mr. Editor.—The importance of ameliorating the education of the people becomes every day more evident: all governments are sensible of the necessity of it, but most of them are still far from placing this object in the first rank, as they will probably be obliged to do sooner than they are aware. That valuable time may not be lost, it is to be desired, that till governments give the efficacious aid which they alone can give, the friends of humanity may not relax in their endeavours to prepare the way. In England, it is true, benevolence does not want a spur when any plan is brought forward which affords even but a plausible prospect of relieving the distress of our fellow-creatures. But we are so used to do things on a large scale, that we are, perhaps, not sufficiently aware of the good that may be done with very limited means, and how often a single seed, planted in confidence of the blessing of heaven, has been gradually reared into a stately tree, producing the noblest fruits. The following is a remarkable example, and will doubtless interest your readers.

Christopher Bucher, a Saxon by birth, had from his youth felt an irresistible inclination to devote himself to the education of children. His benevolence was particularly directed to orphans. Serving as hostler at the inn at Weissenfels, he took pleasure in teaching some poor children, and often went to talk upon subjects of education with the clergyman of his village, who encouraged him to follow his impulse. One day he was at Leipzig, without money and without means to procure any. In his distress he retired into a corner of the stable, and throwing himself on his knee, implored the divine assistance. Finding himself strengthened by this pious act, he went to take a walk out of the gates of the town. A paper, containing some pieces of money, which a passenger had dropped, caught his eye; the sum was sufficient to relieve him from his embarrassment; he made inquiries, but in vain, to discover the owner; and thought he saw in this combination of circumstances a manifest sign

of divine protection. Some time had elapsed, when he found that he had acquired by his industry the sum of a hundred florins (about ten pounds), two carts, and three horses. He happened to break a wheel in the village of Langendorff: this accident appeared to him to be an invitation from providence to begin in this place the execution of his favourite project. The plan for building an Orphan-House was soon fixed upon. Two workmen who assisted him in building, were the first benefactors to the intended establishment, one giving twelve groschen (eighteen-pence) and the other ten groschen. A gardener of the name of Dunkel joined in this good work; he put the garden in order, and planted a vine.

It was with such slender means, but with confidence in God, that Bucher commenced what he had long considered as the object of his existence in this world. In 1712 he took up his abode here with four orphans.

*Pray and work:* this was his principle: according to this he regulated the habits of his pupils, that they might, above all things, imbibe the fear of God; and then that they might learn to provide themselves for all their wants. Instruction, according to him, should tend to give to man the knowledge and the use of his own powers.

These principles, which he exemplified by practice, produced the happiest effects. Poor, but ardent in the cause of truth, persevering in the conviction that he had found it, Bucher made his enterprise succeed. In 1720 his pupils amounted to fifty-one; and he then received some assistance from the Duke of Weissenfels, and a hundred crowns per annum, with exemption from certain taxes, from the Elector of Saxony. Dunkel the gardener remained faithful during his life to his first resolution, and bequeathed to the establishment the fruits of his savings.

Bucher died in 1729. The simple and just ideas which had guided him, were abandoned after his death. It was desired to do better: the Directors introduced the study of the dead languages, and the school of Langendorff suffered by it. It was not till the year 1811, that the spirit of the founder resumed its influence. At this period the orphans of Langendorff were united with those of Torgau, and the two combined establishments were placed under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Wurker.

The number of pupils is now a hundred and sixty: ninety-eight boys and sixty-two girls. The former cultivate a piece of ground of 130 acres, and make their own clothes and most of the instruments which they use: the girls are employed in the internal economy, and in the labours belonging to their sex. This education is directed by the influence of the good examples which they receive from their superiors, and give to each other, without any emulation but that which proceeds from the desire of doing well, having neither rewards nor punishments. Idleness is represented to them as the most dangerous enemy to man; and this is a maxim which they soon comprehend, because all the pro-

duce of their labour is employed in increasing their own comforts. They are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a little history and geography. Religious instruction is particularly attended to. Most of the teachers are former pupils in the establishment, assisted in their functions by the eldest of the present pupils, who, together with the directors, keep the books, and make the reports to the government. At the age of fifteen they may quit the house, and choose themselves a profession; but they still continue their connection with the director, who pays for their apprenticeship on account of the establishment. † The girls are put out to service in good families, and keep up, until they are of age, a correspondence with the director, a highly respectable man, and indeed their father; it is by this name that the teachers as well as the pupils call him. The merit of having brought back to its true destination, an establishment so interesting in its origin—a truly Christian charity; a great deal of simplicity, which does not exclude firmness of character; great talents, and indefatigable activity, tempered by a patience which is proof against every trial, eminently distinguish the Rev. Mr. Wurker.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Dec. 25.

The whole number of Degrees in Michaelmas Term was—D. D. three; B. D. one; B. C. L. two; M. A. thirty; B. A. sixty-five. Matriculations ninety-five.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 24.

There being two of Sir William Browne's Medals, (the one for the Latin Ode, and the other for the Greek and Latin Epigrams,) which have not been disposed of in former years, it is the intention of the Vice-Chancellor to give them to such resident Undergraduates as shall produce the best compositions of the above description; viz. one medal for the best Latin ode in imitation of Horace, and one medal for the best Greek and Latin epigrams, after the manner of the Anthologia, and after the model of Martial, respectively.

Subject for the Latin ode:

*Χαρούς Φέρει.*

For the Greek epigram:

*ΕΙ: Αγάμα*

*της μακαρίτης Καρολίντας;*

*Γεωργίου του ταν Βρεταννίου Αρχοντος*

*Θυγατρος.*

For the Latin epigram:

*"Optimos nos esse dum infirmi sumus."*

• It seems singular that natural history is not included among the branches of instruction. To initiate children into the secrets of nature increases their reverence for the Creator; and, for those who labour in the fields, it renders agriculture doubly interesting; and consequently, tends to make them love the station which God has assigned them. Proofs of this truth, if it needed them, might be found at Hofwyl.

† At Hofwyl, they remain in the establishment till the age of twenty-one years, serving their apprenticeship before they quit the sphere, where the good results of their education may be the best consolidated.

The subject of the Hulsean prize dissertation for the present year is—*The Importance of Natural Religion.*

## FINE ARTS.

## FRESCO PAINTINGS.

We translate the following from a respectable Italian Journal.

Frequent attempts have been made to separate Fresco Paintings from the walls on which they are executed, in order to rescue them from the destructive effects of time and weather; but all have been unsuccessful.

Antonio Contri, of Ferrara, was the first who made a public attempt in the beginning of the 18th century at Mantua. He succeeded in taking several heads of Giulio Romano from the wall, and transferring them to canvas; these were sent to the Imperial Court of Vienna. But this work required long and difficult preparations, which were besides only calculated for even walls, and for taking off smaller paintings. To this it must be added, that the labours of Contri, as well as the later trials in France and other countries, were confined with more or less success to transferring paintings, piece by piece, from walls or linen to new linens, and never to panels. Such attempts have lately been renewed in Naples, Modena, and other places; but the result has not yet proved fully satisfactory. Subsequently, the mode of sawing the paintings from the wall was adopted; this method, however, which was always attended with danger, was only applicable to pictures of a small size. Stefano Barezzi, a native of Milan, has the honor of having been the first to render an essential service to the Arts, in transferring to panels, by a most simple, expeditious, and safe process, Fresco Paintings of whatever size from the wall, whether level or not, without doing the least damage to the original design.

His method consists in laying a piece of prepared linen against the wall, which extracts the painting, in such a manner, that the artist, with a sure and uniform motion, can draw off the linen in a perfect state with the painting, so that the wall itself remains quite white. This linen is then stretched upon a pannel, and again drawn from this, so that the painting itself remains fixed upon the pannel without sustaining the smallest injury.

Mr. Barezzi has in this manner already transferred several paintings of Luino and Marco d'Oggione, which are exhibited to connoisseurs for their inspection. The Roman Government, in consideration of the importance of this discovery, has come forward to animate the efforts of this artist, by assigning him the Church della Pace, (now shut up) where he can apply his method to some greater paintings of Marco d'Oggione. By this discovery, it is to be hoped that we shall see the last supper of Leonardo da Vinci, the remains of which are in the refectory of the monastery of della Grazie,

protected from total destruction, and this master-piece of human genius preserved.

## PETRARCH'S MONUMENT.

The monument erected to the memory of Petrarch at the fountain of Vauluse, consists of a column about thirty feet high. It was begun in 1804, under the direction of M. Bourdon de Vatry, then prefect of the department, and was finished by M. Delatre, his successor. It cost between three and four thousand francs. In any other situation it might be viewed with pleasure, for it is well executed, and in good taste. But, standing as it does, in the deepest extremity of a narrow valley, overhung by a mountain seven hundred feet high, it is regarded by nearly all who have visited the celebrated fountain, as a mean and almost ridiculous monument.

It is therefore intended to erect another monument in its stead; yet it is thought advisable to fix the plan for the new one before the old is destroyed.

It has been suggested that a pure inscription would be sufficient: if this plan be adopted, the task of selecting one will devolve on the Royal Academy of Belles-lettres.

(French Paper.)

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A RELATIVE AT TRICHINOPOLY.

Death, thou art fearful; she we lov'd is gone!  
No mortals' tears could stay the fatal blow;  
And the pale mourner must return alone,  
Without the partner of his weal and woe.

For him the land, and friends from childhood dear  
She left for ever—'twas a powerful spell—  
Ev'n then might hope have check'd the rising tear;

And yet she wept—it was her last farewell.  
The years flow'd on in peace, and she was blest  
In wedded love,—her husband and her boy  
Shared ev'ry thought within her faithful breast,  
Sooth'd ev'ry care, and heighten'd ev'ry joy.

Still her soul panted for her native home,  
And chid the time which could her wish defer:  
Counting the glad days which indeed might come,  
Might come to all she lov'd—but not to her.  
Shall I not grieve o'er thy untimely end?  
Shall I not mourn thee, stranger, as thou art?—  
A second parent to my earliest friend,  
Claims a warm place in this devoted heart.

And, gentle sister, tho' we'll hope thy gaze,  
Now fix'd on brighter scenes, thy first grief fled:  
Shall I not even at these distant days,  
Weep o'er the grave o'er which thy tears were shed?

Thy loss is stern—yet bow to heav'n's high will;  
'Twere wrong to murmur at its least decree:  
A cherish'd partner left—be grateful still—  
She did not die when she was all to thee.

Beloved, remember that the last death peal,  
Smote on a heart more fearfully bereft;  
Which felt more deeply than ev'n thine could feel,  
Was left more lonely than e'en thine was left.

One fatal blow dissolv'd the bond of years;  
Yet sweet to think, tho' one was call'd to die,  
No self-upbraiding caus'd the mourner's tears,  
Or mingled with the parting spirit's sigh.

She died far from the land so lov'd, so fair,  
Far from the guardian of her early years;  
Her death-pangs lighten'd by no mother's care,  
Her cold grave water'd by no mother's tears.

That parent's life was fragile,—yet there came  
A beam of hope to light her aged eye;  
One tie still bound to earth her shatter'd frame,  
That tie is broken—she will weep and die.

She pray'd for lengthen'd life—she did not know,  
That lengthen'd life, would be but lengthen'd care:

That boon 'twas heav'n's dread pleasure to bestow,  
Long life was granted—but with life—despair!

Would it were ours, to know for what we pray,  
That we might check presumptuous hopes and vain,  
Nor dream of pleasure in the distant day,  
Which heaven has destin'd to be mark'd with pain.

Yet life must linger on thro' scenes like this,  
To find its glorious recompense above;  
To feel misfortune brighten into bliss—  
The love that wept on earth—eternal love.

Dec. 25, 1819.

HELEN.

[By Correspondents.]

## SONNET.

"Thus rolls the restless world beneath the moon."  
DRUMMOND.

Vain thoughts, vain hopes, and fond desires are fled,  
Which early flutter'd round my infant heart,  
And like fell dews their baneful influence shed—  
More poisonous still when least we feel their smart.

My youth a dream, a fleeting cloud—is gone,  
Like that which passeth o'er a summer's day;  
Or this—when night recedes from opening morn,  
And with it bears the vapour false away.

But what is now the waking dream I find?  
Life's dull reality and sickly scene;  
Alas! if we but knew for what we pined,  
Scant our desires for such a world I ween—

A world; a joyless waste where wretches weep,  
And pain and sorrow their black vigils keep.  
J. H.

## LIGHT.

One after one appearing thro'  
The blissful sky's ethereal blue,  
The stars by their Creator given,  
Salute the earth and light the heaven.

High o'er the mountain tops afar,  
The moon rolls in her silent car,  
And rivers underneath her light  
Glide brightly thro' the hours of night.

Thousands, by Sleep's soft pow'r, have gleams  
Of happiness in healthy dreams;  
And Fancy's dear illusions give  
Scenes in which Love could ever live.

How happy those whom Care forsakes,  
Whom Sleep endears, whom Fancy takes;  
For such Night sweetly dies away,  
And gives the world another Day.

Islington.

MARIA.

## VERS SUR LA MORT D'ATTILA.

Dieu ! renversez pour moi le sort de ce vainqueur  
Qui vécut dans la gloire, et mourut dans l'amour.

CORREAU.

## IMITATED.

Of Attila, so famed in story,  
The opposite, oh ! let me prove ;—  
Victorious, he lived with glory,  
And, all possessing, died in love.

W. J.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## F. W. ELLIS.

The information of the death of Mr. Ellis at Madras is confirmed by the Gazettes received from that Presidency. The Editor of the Madras Courier, in speaking of this event, says: It is with unfeigned concern that we announce the death of Francis Whyte Ellis, Esq. of the Honorable Company's Civil Service, and Collector of Madras. It is unnecessary, and indeed it would be out of place, for us to eulogise the merits of a gentleman so generally known, and where known so greatly loved and valued, as the deceased. In our obituary we trust we shall have to record from some able pen the great loss sustained by the government and the public. The general acquirements and learning of Mr. Ellis were very respectable; but the object of his chief and unwearied pursuit was oriental literature, in the knowledge of which he was equalled by few. We believe we may say, without fear of being accused either of partiality or exaggeration, that no European gentleman was ever so well acquainted with the science of Hindoo law, and with the theology, habits, customs, and general literature of the Hindoos. Many of our readers will remember with pleasure the learned and interesting lectures delivered by him lately to the Literary Society of Madras; and we mention with regret, that at the very time when his melancholy death took place, he was actively engaged in researches to enable him further to elucidate the subjects which those lectures embraced. He has been cut off in the prime of life, and in the midst of his literary labours, many of which we know to be highly curious and interesting, and in an unfinished state.

The Editor of the Madras Government Gazette notices that this melancholy event took place at Rannad, on the morning of the 10th of March. This writer adds: In Mr. Ellis was united, with great activity of mind, an uncommon versatility of genius. The pursuits with which he was unceasingly occupied, were various and often dissimilar; but on whatsoever his talents were employed, whether the subject was enjoined by duty or prompted by inclination, he manifested the same ardour and the same happy sufficiency. Even his failures exhibited a mind fraught with intelligence and information. With the languages and literature of the Hindoos (particularly the nations of Southern India) he was eminently conversant, and of their institutions, civil and religious—of the habits and modes of thought—of all, in short, that

enters into the composition of national character, his knowledge was singularly accurate and extensive. As a public servant, he was always found more than equal to the duties with which he was charged, and always earned the meed of praise from those who were most capable of discerning merit.

Though possessed of social virtues, and of a kind and benevolent disposition, Mr. Ellis did not maintain a general intercourse with his own countrymen; but by those who knew him, he was loved and esteemed, and by the mild and intelligent natives of India, with whom he intimately associated, his name will long continue to be held in the most grateful and respectful remembrance.

A fatal accident suddenly terminated his valuable life in the 41st year of his age.

Calcutta Journal.

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday the annual dose for the edification of London shopmen and apprentices, George Barnwell, was discarded from this theatre, and the Dramatist substituted in its stead. As we never conceived the effect of Mr. Barnwell's profligacy and hanging to be of a decidedly moral tendency, we can part with this lesson without regret: but, we think, that another tragedy, rather than a comedy, should take its place. Considering the composition of the audience at this holiday period, and not forgetting the pretty general addiction to noise and oranges, and munching and drinking; we are of opinion (we urge the point with all the humility its dubiety and importance impose,) that a deep, deep tragedy is the thing; and for these reasons: *Primo*, because a large proportion of the visitors would rather pay their money to see princesses and heroes in distress, than persons nearer their own acquaintance in the world, bustling about in the midst of common and likely occurrences; *secundo*, because obtrusive interruptions spoil a comedy entirely, but very little, if at all, injure a tragedy; *tertio*, because tragedy contrasts much better with, and is, therefore, better adapted to set off the succeeding pantomime; *quarto*,—but, we need not go on; three reasons are enough for any thing on earth, and at least two more than can usually be produced for the nearest affairs in private, or the most vital measures in public life. To return to the Dramatist—it was acted with great spirit, that is to say in plain English, *en farce*. The burlesque of comedy would have been highly reprehensible at any other season, and we trust that if performed after twelfth day, the play will be subdued into that true comic tone, which Elliston, Dowton, and Russell know how to appreciate and how to assume. It must be acknowledged, however, that the piece itself is of the buffoon genus: Vapid, is throughout a character inadmissible into the circle of society; Ennui has nothing but his yawns to recommend him; Florville, little besides his drunkenness; and Lord Scratch, nothing at all. To these parts Elliston, Harley, Russell, and Dowton were appoint-

ed; while Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Harlowe, and Mrs. Robinson, personated the ladies, Marianne, Louisa, and Lady Waitfort, in a commendable manner.

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK—the pantomime at this house, is the best they have had for some years; no great compliment, by the way, and so we must mend it by adding, that it is a very passable production as matters of that kind are to be estimated. For the information of such as may not be acquainted with the fact, we shall mention, that Jack the Giant Killer, is a nursery story of considerable antiquity and celebrity in this land of learning. An author of "machinery, tricks," &c. could hardly take a more famous model; and it is but rendering justice to the present work to say, that it proceeds upon one of the most dignified, romantic, interesting, and perilous narratives of adventures within the whole compass of early literature. Whether it may or may not be sufficient to determine the question between the Aristotelian and chivalrous dramas, so eruditely carried on at this time by the greatest scholars in Germany and France, it is impossible to anticipate; but it does seem to us to combine so much of historical truth with the wild and poetic of imagination, and so much unity of action with the want of all regard to the other unities, as to offer a powerful argument in support of the theories of Messrs. Schegel. With regard to the plot, it is simply consistent with the ancient history; except that the renowned Jack mounts the bean stalk, which reaches to the skies, and on the top of which is the wicked Giant's castle, only once, instead of the mystic thrice, and owes his preservation not to Mrs. Ogre, but to a waiting maid upon that illustrious personage, called Janetta, who is kept for a *bonne bouche*. The hero kills the Ogre and becomes Harlequin, and Janetta, Columbine, under the auspices of a good Fairy of the Harp: while the Ogress raises two evil spirits, Pantaloon and Clown, to pursue them for the murder of her bulky husband. Then follows the usual train of adventures. Of the changes and mechanism, the most amusing are the growth of the bean; the animation of a sculptor's warehouse, whence issue gigantic legs, arms, torsos, and various classical figures; the wild-beasts at Exeter Change let loose from their cages; and the transformation of a tea-equipage into a brilliant display of fire-works, in which the Clown and his senior partner are whirled round, to the infinite delight of the young and the old. The best scenes are the Gates of the Ogre's Castle (Dixon); the interior of the same (Marinari); and a Sea-view (Andrews). There is rather a sameness in some of the tricks, such as the return of an inscription wherever any of the harlequinades vanish; and the counter-changes depending on puns, or *jeux de mots*, of a steam-shaving apparatus into a lawyer (close shaver); a Daniel's life-preserver into Death, and again into roast beef and porter, the true life-preservers, &c. There is also somewhat too much of fine singing. The Ogre was represented in the grandest style by Mr. Hudson, a genuine giant we believe, for we

saw what a little boy near us called "a big fellow," among the crowd in the Menagerie scene: Bologna was an active Harlequin; Miss Tree a so-so Columbine; Mr. Elliott a very good Pantaloon, which, viewing his tumblers, whirls, and other sufferings, we would not be for a hundred pounds a night; and Southby a strong, clever, and effective Clown, especially in feats of bodily marvels. He performed one practical joke of indecency on the tailor's inexpressibles, which we hope has been retrenched.

**COVENT GARDEN.** The Christmas treat at Covent Garden is founded on the adventures of the redoubted Don Quixotte, and his faithful Squire. These are very ably dramatized, or rather pantomimized, and ingeniously adapted to the purposes of this species of representation. It is rather a superior thing of the kind, and both in conduct and ornament rises above the common level. The incidents selected from Cervantes are well chosen, and the transparencies (painted by Wright), which illustrate the origin of romance, are beautiful. The general order of pantomime is indeed disturbed, if not reversed on this occasion. The Knight and Sancho retain their characters throughout, and Pantaloon (the housekeeper), is attached to them. Instead of the lovers being persecuted, they are the persecutors, for the wand works all the mischief to the Don, and all the pummellings and misadventures to his faithful follower. By this magical instrument, the Windmill is turned into a real giant, oppressing forlorn sacks of corn transformed into damsels, and again into its original form; the flocks of sheep do become soldiers, and revert to mutton; and all the other incidents, even to the tossing of our old friend Panza in the blanket, are dependent, more or less, upon its "charmed touch." The scenery is pre-eminently entitled to admiration. The Spanish Inns, Sierra Morena, and Realms of Romance, (by Griere), are wonderfully fine; and Whitmore and Pugh have also several excellent and characteristic scenes. This splendour of decoration is well diversified by the humorous mishaps of the Governor of Barataria, whose wife and daughter are happily introduced to augment the fun. The wonderful ape is also a prominent actor in the affair of the Showman; and the whole piece, including Rosinante, Dapple, &c. &c. a very satisfactory entertainment for the rising generation. We therefore especially recommend it to the Managers to perform it after some short and pleasing drama, for three nights in the week, so that children may enjoy it, without enduring the pre-fatigue of a five-act play.

**MARY STUART.** This tragedy which we hardly expected to see again, was revived on Wednesday, with many judicious alterations, and curtailments. Though much improved by these, it is still deficient in force and interest. With the exception of the final scene, there is really nothing of tragic importance in this, Mary, through a door in the centre of the stage, ascends the scaffold thrown impressively into gloom, and covered with dark soldiery: it is shut, and Leicester remains for a few minutes in an agony of self-

reproach and despair; and when opened again, only a fearful and appalling void is visible, and the curtain drops upon the wretched favourite. Another scene, between Mortimer and Leicester, should also be exempted from the charge of general insipidity; but all the rest is unimpassioned and dull. The death of Mortimer, who, we hear, stabs himself in prison, is huddled over in a singularly insignificant manner, and the entire absence of any feature which could impart that dramatic effect to the Scottish Queen, which she enjoys even in sober history, is an objection fatal to this play. On the contrary, the bosom of Elizabeth appears to be most torn and lacerated by deep emotions; and there is such a diffusion over all the characters, of what ought to be concentrated, whether of pathos, of grandeur, of grief, or of suffering, that we care for all pretty nearly alike, and very little for any. Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth Castle affords an opportunity for one of those gorgeous spectacles in which this theatre delights, and is so unrivalled. The dresses are appropriate and magnificent, and the acting unimpeachably, except perhaps in Mary, now performed by Miss Foote, whose face and form are better fitted for the character than her mental endowments; but we must still come to our past conclusion, that the tragedy is not possessed of vigour to promise it any length of nights. We observed in the declamation, that the language was not very correct: "*unsplotted blood*," for example, was one of the phrases; and we fear that the German author, therefore, has not been improved by his translator.

#### VARIETIES.

**ANECDOTES.**—"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a school-master to a country boy. "Because he had no knife," said the boy.

One of the Paris opposition papers has revived the following anecdote.—"A minister is sick. His colleague, M. P., to induce him to take the medicine presented by the physician, said, "Take it, I intreat you: I'll be hanged if it does not do you good." "Take it," added the doctor; "after the assurance that Monsieur has given you, you must be convinced that, *one way or other*, the remedy must have a good effect."

An epidemic disorder broke out in \* \* which carried off many inhabitants in a short time. "Thank God!" said the countess of L—, when the names of several of the victims were mentioned in a company, "The nobility are spared; none die but the vulgar."

**THE REWARD OF MERIT.**—On the 17th of November, the King of France conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honour on sixteen of the persons, whose productions at the late exhibition of French industry seemed most to merit the distinction. We should like to see something of this kind in England; for though in our country public opinion is the sovereign power to which all appeal, it would still be gratifying (as on the present occasion at Paris) were chemists,

printers, manufacturers, engineers, artists, potters, &c. rewarded and encouraged by some mark of honour from their monarch, especially when the throne is filled by a prince possessed of so fine a judgment as the Regent.

Among Canova's recent models at Rome, statues of a Magdalene, an Endymion sleeping with a hound by his side, and a Nymph reclining on a Tiger's skin, are much spoken of.

**A remarkable effect of Lightning.**—About twenty years ago, during a violent thunder storm, the lightning struck a pane of glass in a house door, so that the mistress of the house, who was in the hall behind the door, was cast several paces backwards, and thrown on the floor. She however received no injury, nor was the pane of glass broken. The electric fluid had however left upon it a beautiful painting, (if we may so express it,) resembling, on the whole, a head, which was formed of numerous smaller heads. From that time, this pane of glass was never wet with the dew, and never froze, though the other panes were affected by the weather as usual. Great care was taken of this remarkable pane, till some days since it was broken by carelessness; when it appeared that the lightning had split it, making two panes out of one, and leaving in the middle the traces of the electric fluid. Before it was broken no one could see that there was a division. The panes, which are not much broken, were collected as carefully as possible.

The French Journals state that M. Noel de la Morinière, who is about to proceed to Lapland, will be accompanied by his son, a young officer of infantry, who has obtained leave of absence for that purpose.

Another traveller, the Chevalier Gamba, is on the point of departing for Asia and the banks of the Caspian Sea, to fulfil a mission interesting to the arts and sciences; he will be accompanied by his son, an officer of cavalry. M. M. Harnt, Plee, and Godefroy, the naturalists, who are on the point of departing from Rochefort, are to be accompanied by their brothers, who will afford them considerable assistance in their investigations.

The ancient Danes were distinguished for their contempt of death; and this is well put by one of their writers, describing the close of a hero's life in few words,—"Agnar fell, laughed, and died."

A confessor advised a dying man to recommend him to his patron saint, as his time was come, and he must soon appear in the presence of his Maker. "As that is the case," replied the invalid, "I will save my friend the trouble, and carry my recommendations myself."

In 1762, a Lieut. Campbell, of the Middlesex militia, condemned for forgery, on the eve of his exit, sent invitation cards to many of his brother officers. "Lieut. Campbell's compliments to . . . he requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning to take a cup of chocolate, and do him the honour to accompany him to Tyburn, to be present at his execution."

## LITERARY NOTICES.

An Inquirer is informed, that there are copies of the *MONUMENTUM PACIS*, which was described in our Number 151, to be seen at Ackermann's in the Strand.

We have had more than one occasion to express our very favourable opinion of the works of Mr. James, whose naval and military elucidations of the occurrences of the late American war, possessed all the merit belonging to productions of their class—patient research, diligent comparison, and sound reasoning on well established facts. It is therefore with pleasure that we observe an announcement, from the same pen, of an entire Naval History of Great Britain, commencing in the year 1793; and brought down to the present period. We have no doubt it will do credit to the author, to our brave sailors, and to the country.

**IMPROVEMENT IN MODERN GREECE.**—Mr. Theocles Pharmacies, one of the editors of the Greek Mercury, has published a very useful work, containing extracts from most of the ancient Greek authors, and accompanied with very excellent new Greek notes, under the following title: "Elements of the Greek Language, for the use of Greek Schools," 4 parts, in 12mo. Every volume contains a very convenient vocabulary.

A valuable work has just been completed at the Madras Commercial Press. It is the New Testament, translated from the original Greek into Telooogo, by Mr. Pritchett, a learned Missionary. It is in two volumes, comprising 888 pages octavo. The Telooogo types have been principally cast by Mr. Urquhart, of the Commercial Press, by whom the work has been printed, in a manner very creditable to that establishment. Mr. Urquhart, with a laudable zeal, is now actively employed in casting Canarese types for another edition of the work in that language.

*Maximes et Pensées du Prisonnier de Ste. Helene*, a MS. found among the papers of Las Cazes, is the title of a forthcoming work, announced a few days ago in Paris.

## ADDRESS

## TO THE PUBLIC.

Were it not that custom demands something from us at this season, we should be glad to waive our privilege; for though we are not so ungrateful, as not most heartily to feel the great kindness and encouragement which has been bestowed upon our labours, it is always so painful to fall into egotism, (or as editors should say, nosism) that we could gladly compromise our expression of thanks into the mere wishing of a happy new year to all our friends, rather than be obliged to tell what we have done, and mean to do, in order to merit public favour. Yet we are conscious of standing on such pleasant terms with our readers, that it is an easy matter to perform this annual task.

with good-will on their side, and sincerity on ours.

The Literary Gazette has continued to succeed beyond our anticipations, and is now seen, not only throughout Britain, and in many places on the Continent, but in the East and West Indies, America, and distant settlements where we had not hoped to establish ourselves till after years of longer probation. This is the best proof we can offer of its being generally liked, and of its having faithfully performed its promise, to afford a "complete analysis of the literature of the age; a comprehensive view of the progress of art and science; an entertaining miscellany of light reading; and an instructive repository of general knowledge." We should indeed be ashamed to repeat these large conditions on which we set out, if we could not with honest pride place our hands upon our three volumes already published, and boldly ask, whether or not, they have been fulfilled. And this we may, with the less impeachment of our modesty, do, because we claim no praise, but that of extreme diligence, and refer the truly valuable of our contents to the contributions which have been poured upon us by the most distinguished individuals of the age, who have been pleased to think that a work of this kind was eminently calculated for the promotion of British arts, bibliography, and science, and the diffusion generally of taste, literature, and instruction.

There is only one feature in the Literary Gazette to which we shall particularly allude, as having undergone considerable improvement: we mean the branch of Reviewing. At a period when so many admirable works issue from the press, it can hardly fail to be considered a recommendation, that we have extended our facilities in this respect, and provided to be, almost invariably, the earliest publication from which an acquaintance with new books can be obtained. Thus in No. 153, there was a long review of *Ivanhoe*, anterior to its appearance; in No. 152, *Tobin's Life*, under similar circumstances; in the few preceding Numbers, Southey's *Brazil*, Macculloch's *Western Isles*, Anastasius, &c. &c.; and in this, Burckhardt's *Nubia*; none of which could have been seen before the favour of their publishers, in compliment to the service which this sheet by its fair notices, and immediate and wide circulation renders the general cause of letters, enabled us to submit their claims, and explain their nature, to the literary

world. As these books are from eminent authors and booksellers, we venture to presume, that few volumes of great attraction will henceforth appear without an immediate contemporary; and often anticipatory description in the Literary Gazette.

Having trespassed much longer than we intended on this subject, we beg to conclude, with briefly stating, that "Sketches of Society" will very soon be regularly resumed; and that in every other department, our augmented means will be superadded to that exertion which has procured success to our past course.

••• Volumes, parts, and most of the single Numbers, from January 1817, are now to be had at our office, or by giving the order to any bookseller or news-vender in town or country.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER, 1819.

*Thursday, 23*—Thermometer from 45 to 52. Barometer from 29.46 to 29.52. Wind W.N.W. 3, and 1. — Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear. Rain fallen .125 of an inch.

*Friday, 24*—Thermometer from 28 to 36. Barometer from 29.56 to 29.50. Wind S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Morning clear; the rest of the day generally misty.

*Saturday, 25*—Thermometer from 25 to 35. Barometer from 29.52 to 29.64. Wind N.N.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 2.—Generally clear; clouds passing. A  $\frac{1}{2}$  halo formed at times in the evening.

*Sunday, 26*—Thermometer from 21 to 32. Barometer from 29.60 to 29.70. Wind S.W. and S. 1.—Morning clear; the rest of the day foggy and cloudy.

*Monday, 27*—Thermometer from 22 to 23. Barometer from 29.66 to 29.67. Wind E. b. S.  $\frac{3}{4}$ .—Generally clear till the evening, when it became rather hazy, and a fine halo was formed from about 6 o'clock.

*Tuesday, 28*—Thermometer from 26 to 35. Barometer from 29.67 to 29.72. Wind N.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cloudy; a little snow or sleet fell in the afternoon about 4.

*Wednesday, 29*—Thermometer from 25 to 32. Barometer from 29.74 to 29.84. Wind N. 1.—Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.

On Monday, the 3d of January, 1820, at 4 hours, 53 minutes, 15 seconds (clock time), the second Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Friday, the 7th, at 5 hours, 12 minutes, 23 seconds (clock time), the first Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.  
Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor wishes to send a letter to I. L. of Manchester.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts  
in the United Kingdom.  
NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

**THE PICTURES, &c.** intended for Exhibition and sale in the British Gallery, the ensuing season, must be sent there for the inspection of the Committee, on Friday the 14th, and Saturday the 15th of January next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon, and five in the afternoon; after which time no picture, nor other work of art will be received. (By order.)

British Gallery, Pall-Mall, JOHN YOUNG,  
London, Nov. 27, 1819, Keeper.

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